

## **Kissing in the Rain by PeonyParty**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Maybe 15?, They're a little older here

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

“I’m sorry for ruining Mike’s sweater,” El explains as Mrs. Wheeler makes hot chocolate. “I wanted to kiss him in the rain, like they do it the movies. But it hadn’t rained for weeks!”

Or how El tries to emulate a romantic movie moment, but fails.

## Kissing in the Rain

Their lips barely brush before she pulls away, tugging at the sleeve of his jumper, urging him to follow.

“Come on, I have to show you something.”

He stumbles after her, always just a moment too slow, always a little flustered after she kisses him.

“Do we have to run?” Mike groans, barely keeping pace even with the advantage of having long legs. She turns for a moment to look at him, her brown eyes crinkled with laughter. It’s such beautiful sight that his sides burn. But maybe that’s just the physical exertion.

El runs into the woods, barely visible in-between the trees. Flashes of her bright blue blouse are cues for Mike to follow.

“Wait,” he yells after her. His voice echoes as they enter the woods deeper and deeper. “You’ll get lost!”

She laughs in return, a bright and clear laugh, one reserved only for the happiest moments.

They’re at a clearing, and Mike has to bend over to catch his breath. He looks at her from behind his fringe, holding his sides.

“Eleven-”

“Catch!” she shouts as a bright orange orb flies towards him at full speed. Mike can barely react before the orb smashes into his chest with a squelch. Cold and wet.

“A water balloon attack?” He says, half annoyed, half amused.

“Water Balloon fight,” El corrects him, pointing to a small mount of bright orbs at the base of a tree.

“That’s what you wanted to show me?”

“Yes,” she groans. “Come on!”

Mike grimaces outwardly, grabs a balloon to throw in return, but as he swings, another one strikes him in the right shoulder.

“You know it’s not a fair fight when you can throw the balloons with your mind!” He says, shaking some of the water off.

El giggles, levitating another balloon just above his head. He sighs as it falls and drenches his head and face entirely.

“You’re not going to fight back?” she teases.

“I’m just thinking,” he says. “what to tell my mom after she finds out that you’ve ruined her hand-knitted sweater.”

A stray balloon hits the ground, and El's grin twists into a concerned frown.

"Your mom will be angry with me." She says, walking towards him carefully. She's so frightened of disappointing people, it almost makes him sorry.

Mike shrugs. "Maybe if we lie, she won't be."

"No," El says sternly. "No lying."

"Okay," he says, taking a step towards her until they're nearly face to face. "Then we'll tell her the truth." He reaches from behind and breaks a balloon right on her head, her curls flattening against her forehead with water.

She gasps, looking at him from behind her wet eyelashes, a sly grin forming at the corners of her mouth.

"Very dirty," she whispers before closing the remaining space between them and crashing her lips into his. It's a proper kiss, one they haven't shared before. She tugs on his wet hair, and he presses her against him, the October breeze chilling their soaked bodies until they call it quits and run back home.

"I'm sorry for ruining Mike's sweater," El explains as Mrs. Wheeler makes hot chocolate. "I wanted to kiss him in the rain, like they do it the movies. But it hadn't rained for weeks!"

Mrs. Wheeler drops her spoon. It lands onto the floor with a loud rattle. She clears her throat. "Honey, it's okay. I've been asking Mike to throw that old thing away for months now."

"Oh," El says quietly. "Thanks for the hot chocolate."

In the basement, Mike feels the change in mood as he attempts to take the hot chocolate from El. But it's boiling inside the mug.

"Friends don't lie," she says sternly. "You lied about the sweater."

He sighs, "I only wanted to get you back for getting me wet. You weren't playing fair you know."

She considers for a moment. "I wanted to do something."

"Yeah, get me soaking wet."

"Yes, but—"

"But?" He laughs. "Didn't seem like there was any other reason."

She frowns. "In movies, the boy and the girl kiss in the rain."

Mike flushes crimson, gulps. "I wouldn't know," he says, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Yes, but you're a boy." El says. "And I'm a girl. I wanted to see if it

was very romantic. Like a movie.”

Mike’s face grows redder yet.

“It didn’t rain for a long time.” She says, exasperated. “I thought that if we had a water balloon fight, it would be the same.”

“And was it?”

“No,” she says. “But it was very fun.”

Mike laughs, reaching out and giving her hand a light squeeze.

“We can try again when it actually rains.” He says, face still a couple of shades redder than normal. But her large brown eyes sparkle as she looks at him, and that’s all that matters.

### **Author's Note:**

I am so excited for season 2 that it's all I can think about. Our babies are probably around 15 in this particular fic, but that's up to interpretation haha.